

(Continued from Third page.)

hear noises don't mind, for thin I'm in me impassioned moods with the prose And prose," says he, as he climb to me best rooms, "is the devil."

"The night passed without incident, yer Anner, but early next morning, just after me ould man had gone to the work, the young gintilman shouts down to me over the bannister:

"Mrs. Bronson," says he, "have ye anny rice?"

"No, sor," says I, "but I kin buy ye some at the corner saloon."

"Don't," says he, flingin' a dollar into the lobby like a free-handed lord, "Don't," says he; "buy somethin' cawder!"

"Thin I knowed it was the drink, and thinkin' to get him wan of them cans of squeezed beef to make tay of I goes to the corner grocery. When I comes back there was the defendant at the front windy of me best room laughin' and not fit to be seen, and all the childer in the neighborhood whoop in' and howlin' and scramblin' in the street. He was throwin' thim money and disgracin' the Bronsons."

"What's the matter with ye?" says I, mountin' the stairs.

"Hullo! Is that you with the ice?" says he, openin' his dure and bouncin' out into the hallway.

"You've been drinkin', sor," says I.

"No, ma'am, says he; ye're mis took. It's the prose mood is in me. Don't think I've been drinking."

"Prose or poetry," says I, "you're drunk."

"Drunk! Me drunk!" cries he. "Mrs. Bronson, you amaze me. Evidently you know nothing about literature."

"Well, ye're Anner, the lasht livin' thing the young man had on him was phwat they call at the Circus Maginnis a toga, hun, bein' a married woman meself, I passed that by."

"Yes," says I, "Ver drunk, and the best thing ye kin do, sir, is to go to bed."

"Drunk!" says he, like he was talkin' to himself, or ghosts, and rubbin' his forehead with his hand. Then wakin' up he says, very earnest and polite, like the rale gentleman I don't misdoubt he is when sober, "Mrs. Bronson, I can't make this out. Here, I'll prove to you that I'm perfectly sober."

"And, if you'll take me word, yer Anner, the gentleman as quick as a jiffy upends himself and stands on his head, with his heels high against the wall."

"Now," says his head, from under his toga, "am I drunk or am I sober?"

"So I blowed a police whistle, yer Anner, and barrin' what I've told, it's nothin' agin the young gentleman I have, though the officer says it's a case for San Quentin."

"What," demanded the Court, addressing the prisoner harshly, "what have you to say to this, sir?"

"It all seems like a dream, a beautiful dream," answered the culprit from the dock, running his hand through his hair in an absent way.

"I think, Mr. Thompson," observed the Court, after a thoughtful pause, "that another twenty-four hours of beautiful dreaming below will about fit your needs. The other charges are dismissed."—S. F. Examiner.

GLADSTONE OUTWITTED.

The Prelate Turns a Pointed Question Into a Joke.

What a diverting scene was that when a certain witty Irish priest was invited to a breakfast by Mr. Gladstone, then in power, to meet a strange gathering of "thinkers," advanced and others, to whom, in his quiet but none the less effective style, he addressed his quiet rallyings.

Of a sudden the great man, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with one of those curious turns to which he is partial, amid all the laughter, became grave and preternaturally solemn. Lowering his voice into conspiracy tones, as though big with some coming revelation, he said, mysteriously:

"What will you say to this, Father H—, when I tell you that on my last visit to Italy I saw on the door of the Church of St. Agnese, etc., a table of indulgences, and actually saw written up there a remission of 1,000 years of punishment on payment of one franc?"

Every one bent forward to listen. True, there was no apropos, but here the divine was likely to be cornered. With that intensity of tone which is characteristic of the eminent statesman he went on:

"Yes, Father H—, I saw it with my own eyes. A thousand years for a single franc! What do you say to that?"

"What do I say?" said the padre gaily. "Why, I say it was dirt cheap. What more would you want for your money?"

The roar of laughter at the unexpected sally may be imagined. But the comic contrast was the face of the great man, who still continued solemn. For him it was too serious a thing for jesting. He would have liked to renew the subject, but that was impossible.

Love, Sunshine & Co. is the name of a Johnstown (Penn.) firm.

Queen Isabella's original will is to be exhibited in the World's Fair.

About at the age of thirty-six the lean men generally become fatter and the fat men leaner.

The oldest tree on earth is said to be the Boo tree in the sacred city of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted in the year 288 B. C.

It is estimated that during the last five years the turpentine gatherers of Georgia have destroyed \$200,000,000 worth of pine lumber.

A newspaper has just been started in London, which is printed on a postal card. The first number has four illustrations, a comic tragedy, a few jokes, and puzzles and some advertisements.

General Advertisements.

M. McINERNY.

Are we to be, or not to be, a part of the Great Republic, seems to be the burning question of the day, and one we had rather leave to wiser heads than ours to solve; and while great statesmen are wrestling with this momentous question, we want to have a little "pore-zeze" with you on some other subjects, that concern you as well as ourselves.

Has it not occurred to you that you've been wearing that old hat long enough! In these progressive times if you intend to be "in it," you've got to keep pace with fashion. No matter how otherwise well dressed you may be, unless your hat is the correct thing you bear a shabby appearance.

We have already laid in a stock of the Latest Hats of the coming Spring and Summer styles, in hard felts, soft felts and straws, and including a line of the celebrated "Fidora" Hats, at present all the rage in the United States. There is therefore, no necessity for you to hang on any longer to that old Tile that bears such a strong resemblance to the hat "your father wore."

Believing that business will be better in the near future, we have not hesitated to keep our stock full in all lines. Take collars for instance: We have almost everything you could wish for. If you wear a standing collar, just come in and take a look at our "Narenta" or "Ardonia;" or if you prefer a turn down collar, try the "Winnipeg" or "Goswell;" we have have lots of others, and can't fail to suit you. Cuffs in abundance, links or otherwise.

Neckwear in profusion, scarfs windsors 4-in-hands, and a special lot of "Boys' Bows;" suspenders in great variety, leather and woven ends, good strong, serviceable goods.

We might go on indefinitely, but space is valuable, and to enumerate everything we carry would fill a pretty fair sized Book. If there is anything you want in the men's line, just drop in and see us, and if we can't suit you, we don't believe any one can.

If you should want a pair of nice shoes, let us try a hand at fitting you. Did it ever occur to you

How much a man is like his shoes; For instance, both a soul may lose. Both have been tanned; Both are made tight by Cobblers; Both get left and right; Both need a mate to be complete; And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mould. With shoes the last is first; with men The first shall be the last; and when The shoes wear out, they're mended new;

When men wear out, they're men dead too.

They both are trod upon, and both Will tread on others nothing loth. Both have their ties, and both incline When polished, in the world to shine; And both peg out. Now would you choose

To be a man, or be his shoes.

M. McINERNY.

General Advertisements.

H. F. WICHMAN

FORT STREET.

Jeweler AND Optician

Everything in the Jewelry and Silverware line.

"Up to date" in styles and patterns; sometimes a little ahead of date, but never behind.

The only establishment in the country where eyes are measured on thoroughly scientific principles and glasses guaranteed to fit each particular case.

H. F. WICHMAN.

New Ideas!

A merchant is nowhere unless abreast of the times. We have gotten several new ideas through the observation of Mr. T. J. King, while on the coast and we propose not only to profit by them ourselves but to give our customers the benefit of the low prices that shall henceforth prevail in our establishment.

As time rolls on, we shall gradually unfold our new ideas to the mutual benefit of our customers and ourselves.

Call and be convinced of the sincerity of our propositions.

King Bros.

HOTEL STREET.

ANNEXATION CLUB.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE Executive Committee of the Annexation Club, corner Fort and Hotel streets, will be open from 8 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. and from 7 P.M. until 9 P.M.

All those wishing to sign the membership roll may do so during those hours.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CENTRAL MARKET,

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FRESH BEEF, MUTTON AND VEAL, BREAKFAST SAUSAGES, BOLOGNA SAUSAGES, ETC.

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Both Telephones, 104. Proprietor.

ENTERPRISE BEER ON DRAUGHT,

AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

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Practical Machinist, Gun and Locksmith.

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THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

The STAR now has the largest circulation of any evening paper, and is gaining ground daily.



In its new form, the paper will print as much reading matter as any other Hawaiian journal, and will report the news of its entire parish with freshness and accuracy.



Editorially the STAR is an outspoken and consistent advocate of annexation to the United States.



The paper will be delivered at any house in Honolulu for 50 cents per month.

THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

General Advertisements.

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52 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

GROCERS AND PROVISION DEALERS!

Purveyors to the United States Navy and Provisioners of War Vessels.

FAMILY GROCERIES. TABLE LUXURIES. ICE HOUSE DELICACIES.

Coffee Roasters and Tea Dealers.

Island Produce a Specialty

FRESH BUTTER AND EGGS.

We are Agents and First Handlers of Maui Potatoes,

AND SELL AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

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Both Telephones Number 130.

Headquarters for Hawaiian Island Produce.

Fresh Eggs, 30 Cents per Dozen.

ISLAND BUTTER,

From the Celebrated Dairies, Woodlawn and Mikilua.

OUR ISLAND POTATOES, are Simply Superb

They Bake Well, Boil Well, and Fry Well.

Why pay 2 to 3 cents a pound for a poor California or New Zealand Potato in these hard times, when

HOME INDUSTRY

will supply you a FIRST-RATE POTATO.

Delivered at your Door for One Dollar and a Quarter per Hundred TO-DAY.

HENRY DAVIS & CO.,

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52 FORT STREET.

H. S. TREGLOAN & SON,

Merchant Tailors!

OFFER TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC THEIR LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Foreign Woolens for Spring & Summer

AT 20 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH,

Business Suits Reduced to Twenty-two Dollars and 50 Cents

Business Pants Reduced to Six Dollars and 50 Cents.

H. S. TREGLOAN & SON.

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No. 6 Nuuanu and No. 4 Merchant Streets, Importers of

Stoves, Ranges, and House Furnishing Goods,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware

WATER PIPE AND FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS, ETC.

All Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

Job Work Solicited.

BELL 481, MUTUAL 211.

General Advertisements.

Hawaiian Gazette

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Posters, Books and Pamphlets, Printed in the Neatest Style, on Fine Paper, and at Moderate Rates.

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First-Class Workmanship Guaranteed.

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